January 2
1941

Millennial Star

POETRY

COMPENSATION

I know as my life grows older
  And mine eyes have clearer sight—
That under each rank wrong, somewhere
  There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
  By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
    Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action
  As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished,
  Tho' the hour be long delayed;
I know that the soul is aided
  Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
    But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors
  In the great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
  For the final good of man;
And I know when my soul speeds onward
  In its grand, eternal quest,
I shall say as I look back earthward,
    Whatever is—is best.

—Anonymous.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

But I dread success. To have succeeded is to have finished one's business on earth. . . .

I like a state of continual becoming, with a goal in front, not behind.

—George Bernard Shaw, in a letter to Ellen Terry.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

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For as their laws and their governments were established by the voice of the people, and they who chose evil were more numerous than they who chose good, therefore they were ripening for destruction, for the laws had become corrupted.
—Book of Mormon, Helaman 5:2

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

NAKED trees, devoid of all decorative foliage, hard, frost laden earth, glistening ice instead of shimmering pools, and sullen heavy clouds—these are the marks of Nature's Winter season. It is seemingly indicative of her death, but soon we shall see the buds and the tinge of green heralding her revival. Thus we learn that she is not dead, but sleeps, and will yet again put on her Summer dress and delight our astonished eyes with all those colours of her gayest mood. We shall be reminded then of that wonderful principle, one of the brightest stones in the Gospel cluster—Resurrection. With the entrance of 1941 comes the same spirit of renewal. New hopes, new ideas and new efforts? "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Essentials Of A Better World

By President David O. McKay

Of the First Presidency

"THY KINGDOM COME. THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

Address delivered at 111th Semi-Annual Conference of the Church. October 6th, 1940.

FOR nearly twenty centuries millions of Christians have prayed for the coming of the Kingdom of God, and for more than twenty centuries millions of people have persistently rejected the conditions indispensable to the realization of this era of peace and brotherly kindness.

Even though the essentials for a better world have not been generally accepted, yet mankind has ever striven for a better way of living. In every progressive age of the world's history, thinking people have been dissatisfied with their current social and economic conditions, and have sought for remedial changes. Many of their hoped-for Utopias, however, though they have inspired men to action, have ended only as dreams and phantasies.

In response to this urge for change, the twentieth century is no exception. Indeed, during the last fifty years, people have witnessed greater political unrest, more stupendous upheavals than have probably occurred in the same length of time in the history of the world. European monarchies have been overthrown, and rising out of the monarchial ruins have come the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia, the Fascist regime in Italy, the Nazi rule in Germany, and the Fascist form of government in Spain. Democracy, as exemplified in Great Britain and her Dominions, and in the United States, has successfully withstood the battling horrors of one World War, and now, after only a quarter of a century, is again either actually participating in or standing on the brink of a second devastating conflict.

FUNDAMENTALS IN DISCARD

If, in the spirit of charity, we say that misguided men have brought all this about because of their desire for a better government, the fact still remains that civilization is encompassed by social upheavals that threaten to divert if not entirely to thwart the progress and happiness of the present generation.

Humanity is passing through one of its most crucial experiences. We are in the midst of a revolution both of thought and mode of life. Beliefs of parents are questioned; old ideals are in the discard. Communism, Nazism, Fascism—totalitarianism—are giving birth to new conceptions that strike relentlessly at beliefs and teachings that were accepted a decade ago as fundamental and unassailable. "Under the influence of a science as superficial as proud," writes M. Paul Gaultier, a leading publicist of France, "old beliefs have been turned into

ridicule, conscience is treated as a superstition, and honesty as a prejudice. Self-interest alone remains as a motive, and pleasure as the sole end of life. For too many people evil consists not in infringing social laws, but in getting caught. Morality and duty figure in their eyes as so many prejudices out of fashion, and vestiges of centuries gone by."

Granting the severity of this arraignment, the fact still remains that moral and religious scepticism is too generally apparent, and political chicanery, fraud, and civic unrighteousness all too common.

In the words of an Assistant Secretary of State: "We seem to be slipping backward in the long march of progress. We are in danger of losing part of the precious heritage for which our ancestors fought and gave their lives. Human liberty, democracy, parliamentary government, freedom of speech, tolerance, faith—these in important parts of the world have ceased to exist. Autocracy and dictatorships are demanding men's allegiance. Political institutions are cracking ominously. Democratic government is fighting for its life."

President David O. McKay

To climax these distracting conditions, war, with all its attendant horrors, is sweeping the earth as a devastating conflagration, leaving in its wake only ashes, agony, and death.

Truly the time has come as perhaps never before when men should counsel together, and in wisdom determine how the world may be made a better place in which to live.

THE PERFECT GUIDE

To achieve this desired end, the first and most important step is to choose as leader one whose leadership is infallible, whose teachings when practiced have never failed. In the present tempestuous sea of uncertainty, the Pilot must be one who through the storm can see the beacon in the harbour of peace.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints proclaims that there is but one such Guiding Hand in the Universe, but one unfailing Light, and that the Light of Christ, who said: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." An active, sincere faith in the basic teachings of Jesus of Nazareth is the greatest need of the world. Because many reject this truth is all the more reason why sincere believers should proclaim it.

The ultimate purpose of Christianity is to develop honourable, upright individuals in an ideal society known as the Kingdom of God. No one, not even the unbeliever, can gainsay this as a most worthy goal. True, nearly two thousand years of trial have failed to bring about even an approach to the realization of either the perfecting of the individual or the

establishing of an ideal society. As a result, Christianity and its handmaiden, Democracy, are now on trial before the world tribunal. The fact is, however, that conditions in this war-torn world, instead of proving that Christianity has failed, emphatically bear witness that men are forever learning, but never coming to a knowledge of the truth; or, as one man cynically remarked, "Men's lives consist mostly in making the same mistakes over again."

Christianity, as summarized in the divine admonition, "Love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbour as thyself," has never yet been accepted and practised by the nations of the world. Were that principle even partly applied, our advanced scientific knowledge, our almost unlimited mechanized power, our unexcelled opportunities for education would be directed, not as now, for the destruction of human beings, but for the betterment of individuals, and for the advancement and redemption of mankind.

As the first essential to a better world, therefore, we declare with the Apostle Peter that there is "none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

IMPROVEMENT IN MORALS

It is charged that "one of the distinctive traits of modern society in every country is the sinking of the moral ideal in the minds and life of the people." Manifestly, then, a second essential in world betterment is the raising of the moral standard.

If any reader is saying to himself, "This is trite," then I say such a thought itself justifies the call for men who will re-dedicate themselves to the principles of honesty, justice, tolerance, and love, and who will practice these virtues in their business and professional activities. "And this life is possible," as someone has declared, "in social conditions the most diverse, and with natural gifts the most unequal. It is not fortune, or personal advantage, but our turning them to account that constitutes the value of life." "Nothing," says Emerson, "can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

What a brilliant though discarded gem, for example, is the plain, every-day principle of honesty. Though as genuine as the blue-tinted diamond, how little it is valued in a world where "business is honeycombed with dishonesty, and the world abounds in duplicity and chicanery." Even to repeat such a charge makes one feel heavy-hearted. In contrast, recall the calm assurance, the confidence that pervades your soul when you know you are in the presence of one whom you can trust. Let us re-polish and make more brilliant this old-

(Continued on page 14)

PRESIDENT and Sister Anastasiou and Brothers James P. Hill and James R. Cunningham of the Mission Presidency wish to acknowledge receipt of numerous Christmas greetings and messages of goodwill from members of the Church, Missionaries and friends, and to thank them all for kind thoughts and remembrance at Christmastide.

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"Just A Man, Daddy ! !"

A FATHER said to his small boy, "Son, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Just a man, Daddy."

Just a man! How little did he realize what courage it takes to be a man. What sincere and conscientious daily effort it takes to live up to being a man—a real man. That father knew only too well what was ahead of his son.

To catch the earnest expression of youth, to look into the honest, clear eyes, to gaze upon the clean, youthful faces and try to understand their desires and ambitions for a noble success: That's worth while—that's living.

A youthful face is always fascinating to me. "When we are out of sympathy with youth, surely our work is over." What greater happiness can one experience than the consciousness that something has been done to make a young person happy?

Often we hear that the happiest days of life are the days of youth. Happy days, dancing days, jazzy days, adventure and romance days to be sure, but in my opinion not the happiest days. I feel that for one who loves his work, and gets joy out of it, the ages between thirty-five and fifty are the very happiest.

I ought to know about the days of youth, for I had everything to make me happy, and I have lived those youthful years and speak by authority. Then I know for the same reason about those days of young manhood, the colourful years of knowledge-seeking, friendship-making, the years of bubbling enthusiasm. There are the other days, too, when one is finding himself, rubbing elbows with the world, getting bumps, but taking all with a certain joy, for are not these the days of doing things, days of achievement, days of success, days of joys and failures, too, but days when failures are soon forgotten and joys magnified out of their true proportions.—JACK SEARS.

Stories Of Some Of Our Hymns

A NEW FEATURE

By Elder George D. Pyper

General Superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union and First Assistant Chairman of the Church Music Committee

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

Hymn by William Cowper

Condensed from Improvement Era

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

Ye fearful Saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

THE life of William Cowper, who wrote the hymn, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," is one of pathos, tenderness, doubt, disappointment and despair. He was a defeatist, dreading the unknown, afraid to live, afraid to die, yet possessing such qualities of mind and heart that endeared him to many noted friends and placed him among the greatest of English poets.

William Cowper was born on November 26th, 1731, at Great Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, England, the son of a rector of Berkhampstead, chaplain to King George II. His mother, Ann Donne, of honourable lineage, died when William was six years of age. He was a delicate child, sensitive and shy, sheltered and protected by a doting mother. At her death the boy was placed in Doctor Pitman's school near his father's place of residence. Here he was so tormented and bullied by a boy five years his senior that although his tormentor was expelled, William's experience left a feeling of terror and helplessness that affected his entire life. During one of these persecutions he found a line in the Bible that gave him temporary comfort. It was—"I fear nothing that man can do unto me." This resulted in a spiritual exaltation that saved him from total collapse. At ten he was sent to Westminster, where he companioned with such students as Warren Hastings and Churchill, the poet.

At eighteen Cowper left Westminster and attached himself to a Mr. Chapman, a London attorney. In 1754 he was called to the bar, but his "inferiority complex" and his preference for literature kept him from practising law.

From necessity Cowper sought employment and his cousin, Major Cowper, who had the right of nomination, presented

him as clerk of the House of Lords. All seemed favourable for a happy and lucrative position when the hand of fate again struck him. His enemies insisted upon an examination before the bar of the house to test his fitness for the clerkship. As the time approached for the examination Cowper developed a terrified state of mind. The fear of the test, together with a consciousness of an intimate deformity that had all through his life depressed him, were too much for his delicate constitution. His mind gave way and he decided to end it all by suicide. Purchasing a bottle of laudanum, he called a coach and asked to be driven to Thames wharf, where he determined to drink the laudanum and jump into the river; but finding a guard there the deed was prevented. Returning to his quarters, he poured the poison into a small basin and when he reached for it with intent to drink the contents, the fingers of both his hands contracted so that he could not hold the vessel. Recovering in wonder, he threw the poison out of the window. The night before the test, with a tottering brain he again attempted to kill himself with a penknife, but the blade broke. He then tried to hang himself with a garter, but the garter broke, and he fell to the floor utterly deranged. Of course, his chance of obtaining the position in the House of Lords was now gone and under the care of Doctor Cotton he was taken to St. Albans, a mental hospital where he remained for two years. In 1763 he was taken in charge by his friends, the Unwins, father, mother, son, and daughter. He was tenderly cared for by Mrs. Unwin, who was the "Mary" of his letters. Upon Mr. Unwin's death, in 1767, the family, including Cowper, moved to Olney, and there Cowper formed an intimate friendship with John Newton. This friendship was a strange mixture of personalities. "In his youth, Newton had been a wild, despairing blasphemer; in his, Cowper an irresolute, despairing, would-be suicide. One was driven to Christ by the violence of his sins, the other by the violence of his suffering."*

The result of this friendship was the publication of "Olney Hymns," one of the 18th century's best contributions to the development of English Hymnody. It contains 348 hymns, 280 by Newton, 68 by Cowper. One of the outstanding of Cowper's hymns in this collection was "God Moves in a Mysterious Way, His Wonders to Perform."

In the histories, biographies, and memoirs of William Cowper, examined by the writer, there is nothing to indicate just when "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" was written. One story related that "once upon a time" when he felt his brain storm coming on, he yielded to an impulse to drown himself in the River Thames; that he called a cab and asked the cabman to drive him to the river; that a heavy London fog suddenly gathered and the cabman lost his way; that after driving aimlessly round and round for some time, the cabman refused to continue and ordered his passenger out; that Cowper stumbled to the pavement and found himself in front of his own door; that when he recovered his senses, he sat down and

* The History and Use of Hymns and Hymns Tunes—Breed.

(Continued on page 11)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1941

EDITORIAL

1941

Verdant Spring and rosy Summer,
Golden Autumn, all are past;
O'er the face of nature frowning,
Lonely Winter comes at last;
Yet she brings us many pleasures,
Many scenes of festive cheer;
Now with joy our hearts are glowing,
While we hail the bright New Year.

THE "BRIGHT NEW YEAR." Is it a paradox? It seems so. The pall of grim, relentless war shadows the birth of another chapter in the World's teeming history, and we face a time, usually fraught with stern resolutions to improve, with reflections a little bitter possibly, and some misgivings. That is the human touch.

Can we not approach this next lap of a dark journey with the spirit of challenge in our hearts?

The scale of values upon which the world makes its plans and bases its calculations for its own improvement has become a fiasco and there is little left that is stable on which to build any sort of Utopian edifice. How is the Christian world affected? We maintain that all problems can be solved through applied Christianity. We have just commemorated the birth of the one man on this earth who lived and left behind him a design for living incomparable. We further maintain that we are in possession of that plan in its fulness.

It is conventional to make resolutions at this time which, the cynic avers, are of little value as they are seldom kept. It is true that a large number of them are broken and forgotten soon after they are made.

Would it not be a wise policy to decide, therefore, not so much to pick some particular thing out of our lives and resolve to improve upon it, but to make a genuine effort towards general self-improvement. The distinctive characteristic of the Latter-day Saint is his wholehearted living of the Gospel principles. Obedience to one isolated principle will not ensure his entrance into God's Kingdom he knows, and he must be willing to obey all the laws and, if needs be, give his all to the Church. A young man once came to the Saviour and asked Him what he should do to gain eternal life. The Master replied that he must "keep the commandments." After repeating them to the young man, the Saviour was informed that he had kept all these from his youth. The Saviour, keenly

perceptive of the human mind, then said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell all thou hast, and give to the poor . . . and come and follow me." With some chagrin the young man left the Master, "for he had great possessions."

Let us face this bedarkened horizon with the firm determination to "live higher." We need to, indeed. The strain of living imposed upon us due to the present extenuated circumstances calls for a healthy body, a clear brain, a calm mind and an equable temper. The Gospel code of living provides for this completely—but it rests with the individual as to what benefits are derived from it.

Fortified with the certain knowledge that the greater our effort, the greater will be the help from the Omnipotent, we must face and challenge the marshalled forces of the evil one unafraid, and resolved to conquer.

Some may be hovering on the brink of Bunyan's "Slough of Despondency," or may have even slipped in, but there is no need to remain in such a plight. A mighty effort may be necessary to haul oneself out, but it is not impossible. No man suffered more than Jesus Christ, nor did any man have equal power to save himself as did Christ. The Saviour realised His mission though, and performed it, in the face of all obstacles, and "His name liveth forever."

In the words of the poet:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Plato, the great philosopher, once described the perfect government of man to the pupils of his famous school. He was asked if this government existed anywhere on the earth, to which he replied, "No, but the pattern of it is laid out up in heaven."

Humanity commenced upon this earth with one man. Soon he was given a companion, Woman. Together they produced their kind and the family grew. Each male and female paired off, and so other families came into being. Groups of families organised themselves into communities, groups of communities into nations, groups of nations into empires, and thus the world has struggled on. "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." Each one of us is a link in a vast chain. What is our relative strength, and what is our potential power?

"UNITED WE STAND. DIVIDED WE FALL."

—THE EDITOR.

The Faith That Is Born Of Knowledge

By Olga Wilkinson

Of Burnley Branch

THE following article was written by a girl of fifteen and shows evidence of thought, and ability to present those thoughts. The "Star" likes to encourage this type of ability, but wishes to say that the opinions expressed are personal and not necessarily those of the journal.—Ed.

A FEW days ago, a man entered a newsagents, and bought a daily paper. He glanced at the headlines, then, turning to the shopkeeper, remarked:

"I don't reckon to be very well up in Religion, but if Hitler wins this war, then there is no God."

"It will seem that way," agreed the proprietor.

"Yes," he said, then paused; "And yet, if there is no God, who got our boys away from Dunkirk?"

This remark made me think. Could the retreat from Dunkirk have been so successful if the Lord had not helped our men? Some may say yes, but I think the answer is a definite NO.

Who gave our boys the courage to carry on against such overpowering difficulties? Not one of us will ever realise to the full, the horrors and dangers they underwent. No one but themselves and our Heavenly Father. Some were killed and injured, but they will go down in history as some of the bravest men who ever lived.

Could the enemy have put up so terrific a fight against such terrific odds? I doubt it.

Not only were our men bombarded from the air, but they had to meet land armies easily outnumbering their own forces.

Then, the other nations who were helping the fight for Freedom were compelled to give in, one after another, leaving the Britishers trapped.

Did they give in? No! Surrounded by enemies, they fought their way to the coast, and went on fighting there, aided by the British navy, and eventually reached England, bringing many wounded with them.

The combined efforts of the army, navy and air force would hardly have been sufficient against such terrific odds, unless they had had a still greater help—the help given them by our Heavenly Father.

Why should we worry now, here in our Island fortress, with our splendid defences and good, cheerful morale?

If the Lord could, as He did, get all those men out of the enemy clutch, and bring them safely home to us, He can surely help us to fight on till victory is ours. He can and He will, if we play our part.

We must have courage, and we must be resolute; but above all, we must have faith. Not the idle faith which says, "Oh, I know He will help us" and leave it at that; but the faith that

says, "I KNOW He will help us, if we do our part," and then live up to this. We must keep our faith alive. It will not do to offer up an occasional prayer, and then think we have done our part and forget about it for a few weeks. We must live by the day. We must pray all the time, and always do our part.

If we do our part, have faith in each other, in ourselves and in God, if we keep His commandments, and live by His promptings, he will lead us on to victory. A national victory, and an individual victory.

If we do this, we will soon find the words of the hymn coming true:

Fear not, I am with thee,
Oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God,
And will still give thee aid.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee,
And cause thee to stand,
Upheld by thy righteous,
Omnipotent hand.

The soul that on Jesus
Hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to His foes.
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

★

STORIES OF SOME OF OUR HYMNS

(Continued from page 7)

wrote "God Moves in a Mysterious Way, His Wonders to Perform." There is some justification for the survival of this story. One writer says: He "had an intense delusion that it was the Divine will for him . . . to drown himself, but the driver of the vehicle missed his way and Cowper was diverted from his purpose." Then, too, Cowper's own memoirs state that he was driven to the Thames with suicidal intent, but was prevented from carrying out his purpose by the appearance of a wharf porter sitting on a pile of goods.

However, there is no doubt that the hymn was written in view of his own dreadful experiences, and the hand of Providence is plainly seen in preventing the consummation of an evil design. The hymn was included in the "Olney Hymns" as already stated, which were published in 1787.

The poem extols the power and omnipotence of the Almighty and His infinite skill and wisdom in working out His divine plans. It carries a message of hope to the Saints who are fearful and entreats them to be courageous against the ills that seem to beset them; it contains prophetic lines that the purposes of God will be gradually unfolded hour by hour and though experiences may be bitter, yet the fruit of righteousness will be sweet; that blind unbelief will lead us to grope in the dark and seek for the truth in vain, while if we trust in God the Great Interpreter, all will be made plain.

Lights Burn Out

By T. M. De Bry

A SHORT STORY

THE theatre is ablaze with lights. Crowds breathlessly await the arrival of the star, whose name is illuminated on the marquee: "CLAYTON MARLOWE, in FORGOTTEN YESTERDAY."

He appears and is almost swallowed up by a surging mass. Someone pushes a microphone into his hands, and after a brief greeting he is ushered into the theatre to witness the first showing of his starring role.

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The picture is over and the enthusiastic audience has acclaimed a "star." Bravos and hurrahs have been sounded. Critics generously write, "He will never be forgotten." . . . "His picture is among the love stories of all time."

Clayton Marlowe has "hit" the top. His star will shine and other eyes, who too hopefully await their "day," will jealously watch him bask in the sunlight of fame, sure that after stardom is attained, wealth and glory will be his companions always.

- - - - -

Dawson was sitting pretty. Eight straight days of extra work and at least ten more to come. Some day, maybe soon, he would be "discovered"—then his worries would be over—his life easier. He was sure he had the talent. Of course, it was a hard road to travel—he admitted that. Long hours, long drives, hard work, strong lights, insecurity—but he loved it. All this was worth it.

His car pushed purringly on through the night rain. It was late, and he had a long way to go. It was chilly. He wouldn't get much sleep—but he was sure it was worth it. There before him, and all around him, a million lights flickered faintly. Some day some of those lights would spell his name. Oh—it was worth it.

"Let me see, the next sign there ought to be it. Fairfax Avenue, then south, and straight for three miles," he muttered.

His car came to a stop. "Fairfax Avenue" the sign read. It wouldn't be long now.

From the curb a figure stepped up to Dawson's car. Dawson rolled his window down. "Could I get a lift to Normandy and Fairfax? It's awfully chilly, and I'm almost soaked."

"Sure, hop in." Somehow Dawson felt very grateful to be alive. He felt "neighbourly" tonight.

"What a night," he said to the stranger.

Dawson glanced at his partner. Poor fellow, looks down and out—hungry too; must be fifty. His face—definitely dignified! The world's given him a tough break, though. He must be flat broke.

"Beautiful, all those lights. Hollywood's a great place," he said, trying to make conversation.

His partner looked sad and solemn. Seemed to be thinking aloud:

"Yes, beautiful lights. But tomorrow some will be burned out. Just the way it goes with people out here. One day they're blazing forth in bright lights—then quickly the lights burn out."

"Maybe so," Dawson replied. "But they're never forgotten. Take Clayton Marlowe for instance. There was a wonderful actor. Did it right from the heart. Lived his parts, so to speak. I for one will never forget him—especially his performance in 'Forgotten Yesterday.' Heard someone say the other day that he'd been in an accident. Lost several fingers from his right hand. But, even then, with the money he's made and the friends he's got, that wouldn't be a handicap. I'd like to be as great as he is some day."

"Yes, I guess people did think he was a wonderful actor," said the stranger. "He did put his heart in his work, stirred many a heart-string, I guess. He had a hard life though. Worked night and day to become a star; then suddenly his light began to flicker—then it went out entirely. It's hard to take. They earn a lot, but they spend it. And when they're through, people just forget them. No, I'm afraid you're wrong, young man. People do soon forget them. They touch many a heart-string while they're 'in,' but when they're 'out' they can't even touch a 'purse string.' "

The stranger lapsed into silence. What he had just spoken seemed to have hurt him. Dawson wondered about him.

"Well, here's Normandy. I'll drive up under that arc light so you can see the curb. Can you get along all right now?"

His car came to a stop. The stranger stepped out and shut the door with his right hand. The faint light from the arc shone on it. Several fingers were missing. There on the lawn was a sign, which read, "REST HOME—Supported by the Artist's Guild."

Darkness had enveloped the stranger.

ESSENTIALS TO A BETTER WORLD

(Continued from page 4)

fashioned principle so essential to human happiness. Would that all men and nations might unite with the Church in saying:

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men."

A RE-DEDICATION TO PRINCIPLE OF UNSELFISHNESS

Man needs a re-dedication to the principles of unselfishness. No peace or freedom can come to this world so long as men live only for themselves. It is true that self-preservation is the first law of nature, but it is not a law of spiritual growth. He who lets selfishness and his passions rule him binds his soul in slavery, but he who, in the majesty of spiritual strength, uses his physical tendencies and yearnings, and his possessions to serve purposes higher than personal indulgence and comfort, takes the first step toward the happy and useful life. This truth was taught not only "in the Beginning" when the Gospel was first revealed to man, but also when the Saviour began His earthly ministry. On the Mount of Temptation was enacted the first scene in the Christ's earthly drama of the abundant life. There He resisted the challenge to gratify His appetite; He turned aside the appeal to His vanity and pride; He scorned the bribe of worldly wealth and power, as in spiritual victory He said to the Tempter, "Get thee hence," and "angels came and ministered unto him." Only thus by the brilliant triumph of the spirit over the flesh can we hope for a better world.

When the people who call themselves Christian militantly enlist under the leadership of the One to whom they refer as King of the World; when they accept as facts and not as theories His moral and spiritual teachings; when for selfishness they substitute kindness and thoughtfulness for others; when they aggressively defend the principles of true liberty; then may we begin to realize the hope that wrong may be abolished, righteousness be enthroned in human hearts, and honest relations and justice become the daily practice of society. Then, and not until then, will the kingdoms of this world become the Kingdom of our God.

> Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
> Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
> Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
> And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

★

DEATH

HARTLEY — Sister Jane MacFarlane Hartley of the Liverpool District passed away December 12th, 1940, at the age of 68 years. The interment took place at the Lancaster Cemetery on December 16th, the burial service being conducted by President Herbert Webster of the Wigan Branch. The grave was dedicated by Brother Clifford Hartley, son of the deceased. Sister Hartley was one of the original members of the Lancaster Branch organised in 1914 and had been a member for 30 years.

The Fallacy Of Averages

By Elder Richard L. Evans

FOR some time a comment has been urging itself concerning the fallacy of averages. We are sometimes inclined to look with a good deal of smug satisfaction upon columns of assorted figures which seem to prove that all is well with the average. But such statistical indulgences seldom take all of the facts into consideration. This elusive individual known as the average is rarely found. And the fallacy of averages comes when we fail to take into account what is above and below the average.

The fact that the average man tries to meet his just obligations doesn't improve that great class of men and women who do not meet their obligations. The fact that the average man is not starving, does not tell us anything about the man who is starving. The fact that the average man tries to observe the commandments of the Lord and the rules of life, does not give us any picture of those who break all of the commandments and ignore all the rules. The fact that the average man can be reasonably well trusted, doesn't help us with those who cannot be trusted. The fact that the average rainfall in the country is adequate, does not void the fact that there may be floods in some places and burning droughts in others. The fact that the mean temperature of a certain town is 70 degrees, does not take into account the fact that it may be sub-zero in winter and unbearably hot in summer.

If parents rear a family of four children and three of them live according to the best things in life and one of them is a disgrace to all, that is considered to be good, it might be said statistically that the average of that family is acceptable—but that does not remove the heartache to parents and the sorrow to others, caused by the one who was not "average."

The Saviour of the world once preached a sermon on the fallacy of averages when He spoke of the ninety and nine, and the one lost sheep. If the shepherd had been impressed by averages, he would have been content in the knowledge that most of his flock was safe and he would not have gone forth to seek the one who was lost.

Sometimes in our Church activities it would seem that we are inclined to take much satisfaction in long lists of figures, showing an "average of twenty per cent attendance," or "an average of fifty per cent enrolled," or "an average of so many shillings per capita"—but beyond this falsely comforting thing called the "average" there remains an immeasurable amount of work to do.

This thought is fundamental to our Gospel thinking. It does not matter how good or how poor the "average" is—men and women are still individuals, and must realize or fall short of salvation as such. This is the very essence of individual salvation; and statistical averages have no significance, except

as they may represent the condition of the individual, actually and not theoretically.

The Father of us all has said: "For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man"—all men. (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 1: 39.) The fact that the "average" child of God may realize in a measure those things which God has prepared for him will not satisfy Him whose children all men are. There are still the wayward and the disobedient to be redeemed, and the poor and the suffering and the disheartened to be looked after. We are not justified, therefore, in taking weak refuge in smug columns of figures that tell us what is true on an average, because averages are fallible, and above them and below them are many things yet to be considered and accounted for and corrected and accomplished.

★

From the Mission Field

DOINGS IN THE DISTRICTS

Manchester

A Baptismal Service, under the direction of Brother Fred Waddington, took place on Friday, 13th December, at Smith Street Baths, Rochdale. Elder Ralph Burton baptized Nellie Taylor Hoyle, who was afterwards confirmed by Brother John Woodhead, and Elder Albert H. Willmott baptized Dorothy Winifred Hoyle, who was confirmed by Brother Ralph Mount. Thirty-six persons witnessed the ceremony.

Scottish

The Glasgow Branch was reorganised on Sunday, December 8th, by District President Andrew B. McGowan. The following brethren and sister were sustained: as President, Joseph McQueen; First Counsellor, William A. Scott; Second Counsellor, Robert Clark; Branch Clerk, Sister L. Thomson.

★

BIRTH

HARTLEY—To Sister and Brother Hartley of Wigan, a daughter, born on November 18th, 1940.

★

. . . AND FINALLY A LITTLE HUMOUR.

He had been waiting patiently in the post office while the girls behind the counter chatted.

"The evening cloak," explained one, "was a redingote design in gorgeous lamé brocade with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in. "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat crimson stamp with a dinky perforated hem, the tout ensemble delicately treated on the reverse with gum-arabic? Something about one penny."

LATTER-DAY SAINT MEETING PLACES IN BRITAIN

★

Aberdeen:
Corn Exchange,
5, Hadden Street.

Accrington:
L. D. S. Hall,
Over 9, Church St.

Airdrie:
L. D. S. Hall,
40, Hallcraig Street.

Barnsley:
Arcade Buildings.

Batley:
L. D. S. Hall,
Well Lane.

Belfast:
121, Victoria Street.

Birmingham:
L. D. S. Chapel,
23, Booth Street,
Handsworth.
Council Schools,
Stratford Road,
Sparkbrook.

Blackburn:
L. D. S. Hall,
Saving Bank Ch'bers,
Lord Street, West.

Bradford:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Woodlands Street,
off City Road.

Brighton:
50a, Compton Ave.

Bristol:
L. D. S. Hall,
Zion Road,
off Clarence Road.

Burnley:
L. D. S. Chapel,
1, Liverpool Road,
Rosegrove.

Bury:
L. D. S. Chapel,
15, Broad Street.

Carlisle:
L. D. S. Hall,
Scotch Street.

Cheltenham-Stroud:
Theosophical Hall,
St. Margaret's Ter.,
off North Place,
Cheltenham.

Clayton:
Central Hall.

Derby:
Unity Hall.

Doncaster:
L. D. S. Hall,
Trafford Street.

Dublin:
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Merrion Row.

Eastwood:
Library, Church St.

Edinburgh:
Ruskin House,
15, Windsor Street.

Gainsborough:
L. D. S. Hall,
4b, Silver Street.

Gateshead:
Westfield Hall,
Westfield Terrace.

Glasgow:
South Side,
Masonic Hall,
30, Abbotsford Pl.,C.5.

Gravesend:
1, Peacock Street.

Grimsby:
Thrift Hall,
Pasture Street.

Guisborough:
L. D. S Hall,
back of 13, Church St.

Halifax:
L. D. S. Hall,
35, Brinton Terrace,
off Hansen Lane.

Hucknall:
Byron Buildings.

Hull:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Wellington Lane, and
Berkeley Street.

Hyde:
L. D. S. Hall,
29, Beeley Street.

Kidderminster:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Park Street.

Leeds:
L. D. S. Hall,
5, King Charles St.

Leicester:
All Saints' Open,
Great Central Street.

Letchworth:
Vasanta Hall,
Gernon Walk.

Liverpool:
L. D. S. Chapel,
301, Edge Lane.

London:
L. D. S. Chapel,
59, Clissold Rd., N.16.
Ravenslea Chapel,
149, Nightingale Lane,
S.W.12.
57, King Alfred's Ave.,
Catford.
58, Wellesley Road.
Gunnersbury, W.4.

Loughborough:
Adult School.

Lowestoft:
L. D. S. Hall,
20, Clapham Road.

Luton:
Dallow Road Hall,
Corner of Dallow and
Naseby Roads.

Mansfield:
39a, Albert Street.

Manchester:
L. D. S. Hall,
88, Clarendon Road,
C. on M.

Merthyr Tydfil:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Penyard Road.

Middlesbrough:
L. D. S. Hall,
21, Bottomly Street,
off Linthorpe Road.

Nelson:
L. D. S. Hall,
10, Hibson Road.

Northampton:
L. D. S. Chapel,
89, St. Michael's Road.

Nottingham:
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Southwell Road.

Norwich:
L. D. S. Chapel,
60, Park Lane

Nuneaton:
Masonic Hall,
Newdegate Street.

Oldham:
L. D. S. Hall,
Neville Street.

Plymouth:
L. D. S. Hall,
114, Tavistock Road,
Park Street.

Pontllanfraith:
Enquire:
81, Brynteg Street.

Preston, Lancs.:
L. D. S. Hall,
44, Avenham Street,
off Fishergate.

Rawmarsh:
L. D. S. Hall,
Main Street.

Rochdale:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Lower Sheriff Street.

Sheffield:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Corner of Ellesmere
and Lyons Roads.

Shildon:
L. D. S. Hall,
100, Main Street.

South Shields:
L. D. S. Hall,
36, Fowler Street.

Staffordshire:
Washington Bldgs.,
nr. L.M.S. Station,
Wolverhampton.

St. Albans:
49, Spencer Street.

Sunderland:
L. D. S. Chapel,
18, Tunstall Road.

Varteg:
Memorial Hall.

West Hartlepool:
L. D. S. Chapel,
7, Osborne Road.

Wigan:
L. and Y. Station

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